PRICE, 15 CENTS.

UP-TO-DATE ANNE

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

PLAYS FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

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CRANFORD DAMES. 2 Scenes; 1½ hours	8
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GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

UP-TO-DATE ANNE

A Domestic Comedy in Two Acts

By LUCY STEARNS KEYS

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

PS635
.Z9K515

UP-TO-DATE ANNE

CHARACTERS

ANNE WITHERBEE .....*The woman in the home*
HOWARD WITHERBEE .....*Her husband*
FANCHON BIJOU .....*Sample of average assistant in the scientific management of the home*
KATE BARTON....*Confidential secretary to financial magnate*
JIM COLEMAN.....*Faithful attendant upon Kate Barton*

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—A suburban town.

TIME OF PLAYING.—About 1 hour.

COSTUMES

Modern and appropriate to characters portrayed.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Money in desk drawer for ANNE. Watch and sling for COLEMAN. Magazine for KATE. Glass of water for WITHERBEE. Bills, kindling, bandages and hot water bottle for FANCHON.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L. left hand; C. center of stage; R. U. E., right upper entrance; L. U. E., left upper entrance. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

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UP-TO-DATE ANNE

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Living-room in the* WITHERBEE *home. Morning. Table* UP C. *at which* ANNE *and* HOWARD *have eaten breakfast. Table* DOWN C. *holding clock, books and pamphlets, all bearing upon the activities of the home. Chairs* R. *and* L. *of table.* DOWN L., *a couch.* DOWN R. *an arm-chair with* WITHERBEE'S *hat, coat and gloves upon it. Doors* R. U. E. *and* L. U. E. *A telephone on* R. *wall.* ANNE'S *desk, with picture over it,* UP L. DISCOVERED ANNE *and* HOWARD *at breakfast table. During the following dialogue* FANCHON BIJOU, *an interested listener and spectator, carries dishes to the kitchen,* L. U. E.

WITHERBEE (*rising, coming forward and picking up his gloves*). I've had enough of science, I say!

ANNE (*tearful, but firm*). I'm trying to run my house as efficiently as you run your office.

WITHERBEE. See here, my dear girl, office efficiency is not house efficiency. An office is run to further a business enterprise, enjoyably or not; a house is run to encourage restfulness, relaxation, and comfort.

ANNE. No matter what its object is, housekeeping should be managed, like any other industry, on a business basis.

ENTER FANCHON BIJOU L. U. E. *She hands* ANNE *a slip of paper.*

FANCHON. The milk bill, Mis' Witherbee.

ANNE. Oh, dear! (*Goes to desk and takes money from drawer*) There, that is the exact amount.

[EXIT FANCHON BIJOU L. U. E.

WITHERBEE. To continue this argument——

ANNE (*waving a protesting hand and leaning over desk*). Wait, I must jot down that sum. Let's see, (*Turns over pages of note-book*) Milk—milk—classified under food, isn't it?

WITHERBEE (*sarcastically*). I have always thought so. Anyhow, Anne, that's all nonsense!

ANNE. Strict accounting is the only way to prevent waste and extravagance.

WITHERBEE. But I am willing to stand for the waste and extravagance, if I can only get comfort and good food. And that breakfast—ugh! (*He takes up his coat*)

ANNE (*angrily*). That breakfast was perfect from a scientific standpoint.

WITHERBEE. I won't dispute that; nevertheless, it was uneatable.

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.

FANCHON. The butter'n eggs woman's here, and she says when d'ye want a chicken?

ANNE. Always somebody! It's a wonder I'm not crazy! Let me think, hash to-night, and chops to-morrow. Tell her to bring a chicken on Thursday morning.

FANCHON. Yes'm. [EXIT L. U. E.

ANNE. As I was saying, I have breakfasts, at least, down to a science. Now that one (*Pointing to the deserted table*) contained, for a man of sedentary occupation, an exactly proportioned amount of proteid, carbohydrate, and fat.

WITHERBEE. Would I were a ploughman!

ANNE. Besides, it was cooked in the most up-to-date culinary devices.

WITHERBEE (*scornfuly*). Corn-bread in a paper bag! Coffee in a percolator, running over into a puddle on the tray! Eggs in patent egg-boilers that explode their contents on my tie! Watery——

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.

FANCHON. The man's here to beat them up-stairs rugs. He says it'll be forty cents an hour this year.

ANNE. I don't care what it is, if he only beats them well! But don't interrupt us again, Fanchon Bijou, if you can avoid it.

FANCHON. No'm, [EXIT L. U. E.

WITHERBEE. Watery oatmeal, the result of fireless cooking, rolls tasting like charcoal tablets, sun preserved fruit, and toast as——(ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.) Does it ever cease?

ANNE (*with tense patience*). What is it, Fanchon Bijou?

FANCHON. The washwoman says we're out o' starch.

ANNE. Will you telephone for it, Fanchon? A box of lump starch.

WITHERBEE. And toast as hard as a brickbat, from the electric toaster, (*Mockingly sentimental*) your last sweet Christmas gift to me!

FANCHON. Hello! Hello! Is this nine hundred and fifty-four? (*In voice of unctious sweetness*) Well, this is Mrs. Howard Witherbee.

ANNE (*appalled*). Fanchon Bijou!

FANCHON (*unheeding*). Yes, this is Mrs. Witherbee. Send up a box of lump starch, please. (*Descending to customary tone*) And there's not much danger of you breakin' your neck gettin' here either, *I* guess, but you'd better hurry along or somethin'll happen when you *do* land! (*Hangs up receiver*)

WITHERBEE. Fanchon! What have you been up to?

FANCHON (*unabashed*). Oh, I always do that; it makes them stand round better. [EXIT *unconcernedly* L. U. E.

ANNE. Howard, it all comes down to this, my work in the world is to run my house as the best students of home economics advise me.

WITHERBEE. Anne! It all comes down to *this*, I thought our tastes and ideas were sufficiently alike for your home to be mine, also. Since they are not, I suggest that as I pay for the home, you conform your ideas to mine.

ANNE. This *is* a home for you,—a home as sanitary, well ordered, and economical as my poor skill can make it.

WITHERBEE. A workshop and experiment station it is, indeed; a home, it is not. Anne, will you make a home for me?

ANNE. I most certainly will.

WITHERBEE. You promise? (*His face brightens*)

ANNE. But I am the one to study out the ideal home.

WITHERBEE (*glares, turns and absently looks at his watch, grabs his coat*). Gee! I'll miss that train!

ANNE. I wish you would. Why can't you go on the trolley? The trains are dangerous.

WITHERBEE. What can you expect of a company that buys a road to move its freight over it—comfort and safety for a few enfranchised passengers?

ANNE. I'm worried whenever you're a moment late!

WITHERBEE (*tenderly*). Oh, don't bother about me, Anne! Good-bye, little girl. (*He kisses her hastily and starts for* R. U. E. *Turns at doorway, seriously*) See here, Anne, it'll take a miracle to get you headed away from this scientific housekeeping stunt of yours, but let me tell you I have about all the sanitary indigestion I can stand! [EXIT R. U. E.

ANNE (*hastily selects book from table and seats herself on couch. Reading title*). "Assurance in Agitated Moments." Howard simply drives me wild, sometimes! (*Opens book and reads*) "Each day a great work lies before the housewife. Be calm, and face it with far-seeing eyes. (*Gazes absorbedly at distant prospect. Resumes*) Make a definite plan of the tasks before you, and then concentrate your attention upon them one by one. There is one simple rule—*Do not swerve from your schedule.*" (*Telephone rings*) Hello!.....Yes, this is Anne. .....Marjorie! I can't have the Literary here Friday! .....No! It's the day I run the vacuum cleaner!..... Not very well. Why can't Agnes have them?.....Yes!..Yes! ..Oh, goodness!..Oh, I suppose so....It just looks as though the tiresome old meeting gets foisted off on me every other time! .....Benefit! I'm sick of clubs!.....But I won't have a thing for them except tea and sandwiches. .....I know, but they've come to expect regular banquets at each meeting. .... (*Resignedly*) You're welcome. Good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver. Reads*) "Do not swerve from your daily schedule" —piffle! (*Stops and considers*) I believe I can experiment to-day, though. For once, since I've been married, I can devote the whole day to housekeeping, along the newest and most approved lines, without having to scatter my duties among a thousand and one outside engagements. (*She crosses to desk, seats herself before it, drawing account-book toward her*)

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.

FANCHON. Mis' Witherbee, the baby's awake.

ANNE (*frowns exasperatedly, recollects herself, and changes to a maternal beam*). No wonder, the little dear! She's slept late this morning! I'll go to her at once! (*Doorbell rings,* ANNE *frowns*) See who that is, Fanchon.

[EXIT L. U. E. *and* FANCHON R. U. E.

ENTER R. U. E. KATE *followed by* FANCHON.

KATE. Tell Mrs. Witherbee not to hurry, Fanny.

FANCHON. Fanchon Bijou!

KATE (*caustically*). Pardon me! [EXIT FANCHON L. U. E.

KATE. What a tranquil little room! (*Seats herself and looks around her*) A quiet cozy nest, safe from the storm of life. But monotony! Monotony! (*She shakes her head*)

Doorbell rings. ENTER FANCHON L. U. E., *stalks haughtily through the room to* R. U. E. *and* EXITS. KATE *rises and examines picture over* ANNE'S *desk.* ENTER FANCHON R. U. E. *followed by* JIM COLEMAN.

COLEMAN. Thank you. Tell Mrs. Witherbee on no account to hurry.

FANCHON (*suspiciously. Aside*). Huh! *She* said *that!*

COLEMAN (*evincing uncontrollable surprise*). You here, Kate?

KATE (*turning from picture*). Jim! You followed me here.

COLEMAN (*weakly*). I missed the train.

KATE. You always do, when I miss it.

COLEMAN. But I have something to tell——

KATE. Listen to me, Jim! I am in earnest. Once and for all,——I will not marry you!

COLEMAN. Well, *why not?*

KATE. For one thing, *I* couldn't stand this commonplace, humdrum existence!

COLEMAN. Sheltered from trouble and worry.

KATE. Yes, one might as well be in a cocoon. *I* am out in the world, Jim, doing a useful work. I could not endure to idle *my* life away in this easy, purposeless manner!

COLEMAN. But woman's place is in——

KATE. Don't you dare finish that nonsense! Please go!

ENTER ANNE L. U. E.

ANNE (*roguishly congratulatory*). Oh, howdy! Both of you! You dear things, have you come to tell me something?

KATE. Ugh! . . . I'm going up to see the baby.

[EXIT L. U. E.

COLEMAN (*impulsively*). Anne, plead with her for me!

ANNE (*smiling gently*). I'm sorry for you, Jim.

COLEMAN (*despairingly*). Kate takes such a mistaken view of home life.

ANNE. Don't you think you'd better—er let her have her head awhile?

COLEMAN (*gloomily*). I suppose so! But to think of her, a gentle, frail woman, out in the world! I would remove her far from every care.

ANNE (*amusedly*). By putting her in charge of your home, Jim?

COLEMAN. Exactly! (*He does not see* ANNE'S *smile*) Unharrassed, unannoyed, surrounded by every comfort, she could pass her days in the dignified repose of a queen.

ANNE. That is your idea of home life, is it, Jim?

COLEMAN (*with slow and serious emphasis*). That is *every* man's idea, Anne. Oh, Anne! If you could know how a man hates to see the woman he loves beset by responsibilities and dreary duties——

ENTER KATE R. U. E.

KATE (*ominously*). You still here, Jim?

COLEMAN (*hastily*). I'm just going.

KATE (*amused*). It's high time.

COLEMAN (*pulling out watch*). Indeed it is, for the nine-ten. (*Hopefully*) You'll walk down with me, won't you, Kate?

KATE. Indeed not! I'm perfectly capable of walking down by myself! Besides, I've brought a magazine I wish to talk over with Anne.

COLEMAN. Very well. (*Tragically*) I go alone! Good-bye, Anne. (*Shakes her hand. With mock appeal to* KATE) Adieu, my loved one!

KATE (*flustered*). Tasteless brute. [EXIT JIM R. U. E.

ANNE (*laughing*). Oh, don't mind me, Kate. You know all our crowd are used to seeing you and Jim quarrelling.

KATE. That doesn't make his remarks any the less embarrassing to me.

ANNE. Then why not put a stop to them? All the rest of the girls have married, why don't you?

KATE (*facetiously*). Have hard enough work supporting myself, without taking him on my hands.

ANNE (*laughing*). Let him do the supporting, since he's so willing.

KATE (*seriously aghast*). And be a *parasite?* Anne, you know what I think of *WOMAN!* That she should face the world fearlessly and tirelessly; that her greatest is her *INDEPENDENCE!* "Work!" should be her motto.

ANNE (*on the defensive*). You can *work* at housekeeping.

KATE (*tolerantly*). Oh, Anne, in your dear little play-

house, playing at dolls——. What do you know of fretful moments? (*She pats* ANNE *condescendingly on the shoulder. Telephone rings*)

ANNE. Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Oh, yes, Mamma. . . . Why, I think a nainsook slip will be plenty for Jane. She seemed so well when she wakened this morning. . . . Oh, not flannel! . . . But it's warm, to-day. . . . Mamma, I *know* you've raised five! . . . Mamma, I *do* respect your opinion! . . . Oh, Mamma! Please listen a . . . Why, she's rung off! (*Hangs up receiver*)

KATE (*smiling and shaking her head*). Poor little Anne! Your problems are little daily annoyances, trifles, of no import. Now I, (*Taking a deep breath and lifting her head*) deal with the great difficulties of a magnificent industry.

ANNE (*roused*). Well, you're lucky!

KATE (*with tense patience*). Anne, my dear! You forget that your tasks, to mine, are as pebbles at the foot of towering cliffs.

ANNE. No doubt you'd dispose of mine with an airy wave of the hand.

KATE (*deprecatingly, and unconsciously waving her hand*). Hardly that, Anne dear. Yet I cannot imagine myself taking them seriously. (*Telephone rings*)

ANNE. Hello! . . . This is Mrs. Witherbee. . . . Yes, Mother Witherbee! . . . (*Grimaces at* KATE) . . . Yes, I did, Mother Witherbee. We had veal stew yesterday. . . But I *do* give Howard a great deal of red meat. . . . I don't think veal once in awhile will hurt him. . . . Mother Witherbee, all three of our windows are open every night! . . . (*Makes mouth at* KATE) . . . I suppose *I* am a fresh air fiend. (*Appealing little laugh over the phone, and a scowl at* KATE) . . . He hasn't had a cold this winter! . . . No, I don't! . . . (*Defiantly*) I consider his health improved. . . . I'm sorry! . . . I say, I'm sorry! . . . Good-bye! (*Hangs up receiver*) There! How'd you like to stand for that?

KATE. My training in the business world would fit me to cope with a situation like that.

ANNE. Would it? Well, I'm ready for a tip. What would you do?

KATE. I'd simply cut short the conversation—do some ringing off on my own account.

ANNE (*triumphantly*). Yes, and have Jim jumping all over you for snapping at his mother!

KATE (*quickly*). Jim! Why Jim, pray?

ANNE. Your husband, then, if the other shoe pinches.

KATE (*looks hard at* ANNE, *who has turned her face away. Thinks better of retorting*). Hum! Well, I must be going. I've missed that nine-ten—thank goodness! Now here is a magazine I've brought you to read, my dear. When I found I was going to miss the early train, I decided to bring over the magazine and wait for the next train, here. I knew I'd be welcome, because with the luxury of a maid, you've nothing in particular to do. How you ever endure the feeling of idleness, I'm sure I can't understand. (*She seats herself on chair at right of center-table, and places magazine on table before her. Turns pages*) This is an article on "The Efficient Management of the Home." "The Perfect Budget." Have you tried the Budget system, Anne?

ANNE. Certainly.

KATE (*plainly surprised*) Why, I imagined you had never heard of it.

ANNE (*with asperity*). Why, may I ask?

KATE (*cornered*). Oh, for no particular reason, only your housekeeping seems to be rather haphazard. (*She is intent upon her book, and misses* ANNE'S *offended glance*) For instance, at this moment you ought to be in the midst of certain daily inalterable household occupations. (*Misses* ANNE'S *grin*) Here is another interesting little thing. "How to Treat our Housemaids." (*Looking up reproachfully*) We are not considerate, Anne. (*Slowly turns pages*) *This* is what I've been looking for. "Up to Date Table Arrangements." I knew you'd be interested. "Service inside-out," it says here.

ANNE (*wearily*). And I've just finished teaching Fanchon Bijou outside-in!

KATE. It's turned round again, now.

ANNE (*striving to appear interested*). Where do the butter knives go?

KATE (*horrified*). Butter knives! My dear, if you know what's what, you'll throw them out! Sandwiches are "*de rigueur!*" (ANNE *despondently leans head on hand.* KATE *rising and leaning over her*) My dear girl, don't let a little matter like that bother you. (*Inspired*) I'll leave the magazine here for you to read.

ANNE (*colorlessly*). Thank you, Kate.

KATE (*archly*). Study up things, child. Housekeeping, scientifically studied, can be quite a little business. I must go, now.

ANNE (*rising to accompany her to the door*). It can be a most complicated business, at any rate. Good-bye, Kate.

KATE. Good-bye, dear. [EXIT R. U. E.

ANNE. Now to begin the morning's work. (*Seats herself at desk*) First, I shall catalogue the new sheets, and then, (*Considering*) make out to-morrow's menu, classify the pieces for the steam laundry and—(*Terrific crash from kitchen. Jumping from chair, and calling*) Fanchon! Fanchon Bijou! What was that noise?

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.

FANCHON (*soothingly*). The baby's milk bottles, Mis' Witherbee. That's what made all the racket!

ANNE. How careless of you, Fanchon! (*Aside*) How to treat our housemaids!

FANCHON (*protestingly hurt*). Why, it wasn't my fault, Mis' Witherbee! I was just carrying 'em over the patent dishwasher, and I let go of 'em for a minute and the mean old things busted!

ANNE (*calming herself*). That will do, Fanchon. (*Resignedly*) I'll have to send you after more. (FANCHON *is about to leave room when* ANNE *motions to her*) Wait, perhaps I have not been using the most scientific bottles. I'll read up. (*Selects book from table*) "Care of Our Children." (*Hastily turns pages, reads a moment, and exclaims*) Oh, horrors! "The Hygeia nursing-bottle is the only safe one." "Others are impossible to clean!" . . . And I've been using the "Infants' Delight!" (*Terrified, to* FANCHON) It's a wonder baby isn't dead! (*Reads*) "A fatal poison lurks in unclean bottles." Oh, my soul! Fanchon, run quickly to the drug store and get eight Hygeia nursing-bottles!

FANCHON. Eight Hija bottles, yes'm! [EXIT L. U. E.

ANNE. Oh, *what* will Howard say when he learns of my criminal negligence! (*She sinks into chair,* R.) I am so ignorant! Never again will I reject Mamma's advice! This is plainly a warning! Oh! I am so worn out already, I feel that I can endure nothing more!

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.

FANCHON (*excitedly*). Mis' Witherbee!

ANNE (*rising in terror*). The baby! Is she——?

FANCHON. No'm, only a pipe's leakin' somethin' fierce in the kitchen!

ANNE. Oh! (*Staggers and faints upon the couch*)

FANCHON (*runs to telephone*). Three hundred and fifty-two? Hurry up! . . . Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! . . . Is this the plumber? . . . Well, come up here right away! . . . Who *is* this? This is *Mrs. Howard Witherbee!* . . . Not for an hour! . . . You listen to me! . . . Never mind, you come right up here. . . . You'll get your head bashed, that's all. . . . Here! Don't get smart, or—(*Inspiration*) Howard'll do you up! . . . Ta! Ta! (*Hangs up receiver. Turning to* ANNE *inert upon the couch*) Poor little thing! Beat out! Gee! She works hard! (EXIT L. U. E. RE-ENTER *quickly with wet cloth. Wipes* ANNE'S *brow and wrists*) Huh! This is the first human let-go moment I've spent in this place!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as* ACT I. *Evening. Little table up* C. *with two shaded candles. Lamp on center-table.* DISCOVERED ANNE *sitting on couch, reading. She is pale and languid.*

ANNE (*looking at clock*). A half-hour past the time! What can have happened!

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E. *She stands and gazes with awkward anxiety at her mistress.*

FANCHON. There now, Mis' Witherbee, don't you be worrying! It's just one of them over-loaded, broken-down freight trains stalled ahead o' th' local. Mr. Witherbee's train is often late.

ANNE. I know! I know! Yet this evening I feel so uneasy! (EXIT FANCHON L. U. E.) If anything should happen to him after our quarrel this morning, I couldn't bear it! Oh! if he'd only come, I'd let him turn the house upside down! (*Determinedly picks up her novel*) This is foolish! I *must* compose myself! (*A silence falls.* FANCHON *quietly steals in* L. U. E. *with a dish, which she sets on the table. Doorbell rings.* ANNE *rises and drops book on the floor*) Fanchon! See who that is! I cannot go! (*She stands tensely by the couch.*

EXIT FANCHON R. U. E., *after apprehensive glance at her Mistress.* RE-ENTER FANCHON R. U. E.)

FANCHON (*grimly*). A book-agent; I wormed that much out of him!

ANNE (*sinking hopelessly into chair*). I cannot see him!

FANCHON. No'm, of course you can't. (EXIT R. U. E., *and is heard off stage*) No! I say.——Get out! Yes, I'm the lady of the house! You just try to tell me I ain't. (ENTER R. U. E. *triumphantly. Aside*) There's only one way to deal with them pests! There'd oughter be a law against 'em!

[EXIT L. U. E.

ANNE (*rising and going to clock*). Oh, why *doesn't* he come! This waiting will drive me mad!

ENTER WITHERBEE R. U. E. *His hair is mussed. Mud on his face and clothes.*

ANNE (*with a little scream*). Howard! My darling! I thought you would never come!

WITHERBEE (*determinedly*). Anne, it is my duty as a christian to bring them in here.

ANNE (*puzzled*). Whom? Why, look at you! You look as though you'd been in a fight! What has happened?

WITHERBEE (*excitedly*). The wreck, at last! Fortunately, we were going slowly, ran into an open switch—lost my hat in the shuffle—nobody really hurt—a pile of fainting suburban stenographers—we had to walk from below the Junction.

ANNE. Thank God you're safe. (*She flutters about him pulling at his coat to help him with it*)

WITHERBEE. Wait a moment, Anne. (*Slowly and impressively*) I must bring them in here.

ANNE. What? Whom?

WITHERBEE. Jim, and Kate. Jim has a bad arm, and Kate (*Seriously*) is just about in hysterics.

ANNE (*deeply hurt*). Oh, Howard! How could you doubt that I'd want them!

WITHERBEE (*uneasily*). Well, I—I didn't want to alarm you and then——

ANNE (*intently*). "And then—."

WITHERBEE. I knew it would put you out, er—mussing up the house—you don't like things er—unsettled.

ANNE. Not another word! Bring the poor things in! (EXIT WITHERBEE, R. U. E. *delighted.* ANNIE *horrified*) So that is what home means to him! (*Her face lights up mis-*

chievously, as sounds of wild sobbing are heard) Oh, I pine to see the self-sufficient Kate in hysterics!

ENTER WITHERBEE R. U. E. *leading a sobbing and disheveled* KATE, *followed by* JIM, *rather pale and his arm in a sling.*

ANNE. You poor dears!

KATE (*crying wildly on* ANNE'S *shoulder*). Oh—oh—oh! It was awful! I've never been so frightened in my life! Never again will I set foot on a train! (*Led by* ANNE *to couch, she sinks upon it,* JIM *sits in arm-chair*)

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E. *agog with curiosity.*

FANCHON. What's ailin' them, ma'am?

ANNE (*frantic*). A terrible accident! Mr. Coleman is dreadfully injured!

FANCHON. The poor man!

WITHERBEE. Not "dreadfully," Anne.

ANNE. Don't bother me! I must attend to his injuries! Fanchon!. A sheet, for bandages.

FANCHON. Out of which catalogue?

ANNE. Goodness! I don't know . . . take any one!

FANCHON. Yes'm. (*About to* EXIT, L. U. E.)

ANNE. And Fanchon, some kindling wood.

WITHERBEE. Ye gods! What for?

ANNE. Splints, of course! Anyone could tell you've had no training in work of this sort.

WITHERBEE. (*stung*). Have you?

ANNE (*triumphantly*). No, but I've had my books.

FANCHON. Kindling, yes'm. (*About to* EXIT)

ANNE. Fanchon, wait! A hot water bottle.

FANCHON. Yes'm. [EXIT L. U. E. *followed by* WITHERBEE.

ANNE (KATE *continues hysterically sobbing.* JIM, *rather weak from pain, is content to sit quietly in armchair, casting worried glances at* KATE. *The following scene moves quickly, as* ANNE *is nervous and excited*). Accidents! Accidents! (*She rushes to center-table*) Where is that book? (*Flings books right and left and finally pounces on one she wants*) Accidents—let's see . . . here: "Move arms violently up and down." (*Startled look from* JIM) "Roll victim on barrel." (*Glances doubtfully at* JIM *and back at book*) Oh, that's drowning. (*Continues search.* ENTER WITHERBEE L. U. E. *with glass of water.* ANNE *does not see him*) That hasn't much to do with this accident, has it?

WITHERBEE. Books about as helpful as usual?

ANNE (*heatedly*). Where should we be without scientific advice in emergencies like this? Dead!

WITHERBEE (*while bending over* KATE *with glass*). Go on with your research, Anne, I'll stick to old-fashioned remedies. (KATE *refuses glass; wildly waves it away.* WITHERBEE *crosses to* JIM *and hands him the glass*)

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E. *with articles.*

ANNE. There you are, Fanchon!

FANCHON (*dropping kindling in her progress*). Yes'm. Where will I put 'em?

ANNE. Over there, on that chair, please. (FANCHON *drops articles on desk-chair.* EXIT *slowly* L. U. E. *craning her neck*) This book *is* rather ridiculous. I have read for three pages and half and now it says: "The first thing to do is send for a good doctor."

WITHERBEE (*jumping toward phone*). Its first lucid words! (ANNE *murmurs over her book*) Hello! Three-oh-seven, please. . . . Hello, Doc, this is Witherbee talking! Come on over as soon as you can. . . . No, nothing serious. We're all right. We've just got Jim's broken arm here. . . . Yes. I expect you are . . . Well, we'll look for you when you're through. . . . Good-bye. Doc says he's swamped with survivors at the office, but he'll be over as soon as he gets through there.

KATE (*sharply*). He's much too slow, anyhow!

ANNE. My dear! Doctor Blakely slow? He just hustles around, and there isn't a doctor in this town more obliging!

KATE (*defiantly*). Well, he's only a general practitioner, and I certainly think we ought to have a specialist for Jim's arm.

WITHERBEE (*gleefully*). Oh-ho-o-o-o-o!

COLEMAN (*revives. Leans forward, soulfully*). Katherine! (*Crosses to couch and sits by* KATE)

KATE. What is the matter with you, Howard?

COLEMAN (*happy; to* ANNE). Oh, don't get to quarrelling over me! I'm all right.

ANNE (*business-like*). At any rate, Jim, it is our duty to care for you to the best of our ability. Howard, (*She crosses to him and points to place in her book*) it says here: "While waiting for the physician, administer a stimulant." Fanchon! Fanchon Bijou!

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.

ANNE. Fanchon, get the whiskey bottle.

WITHERBEE (*swooning upon chair*). I'm a patient, too!

FANCHON (*worn out*). I dunno where 'tis.

ANNE. Let me think! (*Runs to the desk, grabs notebook and reads*) "Medicine. Whiskey! An inch left in bottle. N. B. List in replenishing column." And I forgot to list it. Will Jim need more than an inch?

KATE. If that's for Jim, he won't need a drop, because I won't let him have it.

FANCHON (*loyally*). Mister Witherbee looks awful sick.

ANNE. Howard! Behave yourself!

WITHERBEE (*sits up, hopelessly*). False alarm, Fanchon. (EXIT FANCHON L. U. E.) See here, Kate, it was a lot your business, wasn't it? Jim, won't you let me get you some?

COLEMAN (*quickly, horrified*). Against *Kate's* advice? Never! (WITHERBEE *groans in disgust*) Tut-tut! Withie! Kate's the boss.

ANNE. Since when?

KATE. Since just now. I've realized he needs looking after.

ANNE. Oh, Jim! Congratulations, my heartiest congratulations!

WITHERBEE (*in falsetto*). Oh, Jim! Sympathy, my heartiest sympathy!

KATE. I'd like to know why!

WITHERBEE. Because I see you're going to be the efficient kind.

KATE (*smiling confidently*). I hope to be!

WITHERBEE. She admits it! Jim, this is your finish. You will soon be a mere cog in a theoretically run machine.

ANNE. Howard!

WITHERBEE. Yes, old boy! That machine won't be run for you. You'll simply be a part of it and a mighty insignificant part, too. For you, comfort is forever gone; (*Grandiloquently*) hunger steals upon—.

ANNE. Howard! If you'll only stop, I'll—.

WITHERBEE. You'll—what?

ANNE. I'll—I'll—surrender.

KATE (*to* JIM). Lunatics, plainly.

COLEMAN. It's beyond me what they're talking about.

ANNE. I'll tell you: I've done my best to run this house efficiently, reading every book I could find on the subject, and applying its advice. I've failed to make a home, that's all.

Now, wisely or not, I'm going to throw advice to the winds. (*Flings a book to corner* R.) Henceforth, housekeeping shall be a side-line, while Howard and I enjoy life!

KATE. Why, I imagined—really, Anne, do you think the latter plan the better one?

WITHERBEE. Sure!

ANNE. I—don't—know. Yet there is no plan outlined in those books that is in harmony with Howard's likes and dislikes. And surely a husband has some place in a home!

COLEMAN. I should hope!

ANNE. Yes, he has. So I am going to try a new system.

WITHERBEE. I'm too full of the old one to be convinced. You will have to show me!

ANNE (*daringly*). Very well! Fanchon! Fanchon Bijou!

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.

FANCHON. Ma'am?

ANNE. Fanchon, get a large thick, porterhouse steak. Miss Barton and Mr. Coleman will stay to supper.

WITHERBEE. Hear! Hear!

FANCHON. I've got hash ready.

WITHERBEE. Foiled again!

ANNE. No matter, Fanchon. Cook that steak with onions.

WITHERBEE. Shades of my ancestors!

ANNE. Give us mashed potatoes, French peas, and coffee. I'll make a fruit salad.

WITHERBEE. *I'll* have palpitation of the heart.

ANNE. And order up some ice cream from the drugstore.

FANCHON. My land! [EXIT L. U. E.

WITHERBEE. My darling, come to 'me' arms! (*Crosses to* ANNE *and hugs her. Turns to others*) I'm afraid she'll die of saintliness.

KATE. You certainly are fond of your meals, Howard.

COLEMAN. So am I, Katherine!

ENTER FANCHON L. U. E.

FANCHON. Mis' Witherbee, how'll I (*Proudly*) u-ti-lize the hash?

WITHERBEE. Give Towser a square meal with it, Fanchon.

FANCHON (*grinning*). Yes'm! [EXIT L. U. E.

WITHERBEE (*with mock ardor, clasping* ANNE). My loved one! (JIM *is trying to take* KATE'S *hand. She is coy. Doorbell*

rings. ENTER FANCHON L. U. E., *just as* JIM *has succeeded in raising* KATE'S *hand to his lips. She glances furtively at the two couples, and crosses stage, hands considerately held as blinders to her eyes.* EXIT R. U. E.)

COLEMAN. Katherine!

KATE. James!

WITHERBEE. Home again!

FANCHON (*at* R. U. E.). Hist! Th' doctor!

CURTAIN.

MISS MOSHER of COLORADO

OR

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ACT III.—Preparing for the ball. A surprise for Leta. A close call. Dallas again.

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ACT III.—The abduction. Recognition. "You are the murderer of Captain Wyndham.

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Eleven male, three female characters, including a gentleman outlaw, a scout, a hotel landlord, a pugilist, a Western tough, a sly Chinaman, a cullud politician, a Jew peddler, a sanctimonious reformer, a Western madcap girl, a strong-minded woman and a Yankee old maid. Time of playing, 2¼ hours. The action is in the Wild West, with wide diversity of characters and dramatic incident, and requiring only two easily staged scenes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—The Golden Gulch hotel. A musical Chinaman. "Annie Rooney." The festive dude and the negro politician. The Jew peddler. Gentleman George makes a purchase. Jess and the outlaw. Frank and Naggle compare notes. Old acquaintances. A warning. The dude on his muscle. The card-sharper. The tract distributor. The game begins. Frank takes a hand. "Hands up! I hold a trump card!" "I hold another!"

Act II.—Among the hills. Time, the next morning. Ireland and Africa at war. A big scare, and nobody hurt. The missionary makes a trial. "Big fool! Wah!" The false message. The robbery. Old Ikey in the toils. The dude investigates and strikes a hard customer. A villainous scheme. The accusation of murder. "Stand back! It's my turn now!"

Act III.—At the hotel, one hour later. Active prohibition. Toots and O'Gooligan on a bender. The Chinese way. The smashed up missionary. Toots makes an offer. Frank a prisoner. Judge O'Gooligan opens court. Getting a jury. The judge presents the case. Some tough evidence. The verdict. The end of "Gentleman George." Finale.

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Seven male, two female characters. Leading juvenile man, character heavy, comedy, low comedy, walking gentleman, utility man. Leading lady, old woman comedy, soubrette. Time of playing, 2½ hours. New in treatment, arousing sympathy and merriment throughout. No difficult scenes.

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Act II.—Time, two years later. Scene, Jennie Foster's rooms in Mrs. Babbleton's lodging house. Matt's letter. Matt's arrival. Prison experience. Bob "blows in." A specimen of the New York "kid." Matt refunds the money. Denham, the broker. Sunshine ahead.

Act III.—A lapse of six months. Scene, ante-room in Denham's office. Matt's advice. Mrs. Babbleton investigates. Darby's discovery. Donovan in hot water. A cunning rascal. Discharged.

Act IV.—Six months later. Scene, the concert hall again. Planning a robbery. The last chance. Husband and wife. Jennie's faith. Bob on a "bender." The swindlers. Hunted down. Matt's desperation. Matt's cunning. Foiled! Striking tableau.

Act V.—Half an hour later. Scene, Denham's office. Darby speaks his mind. Laying the train. Matt asserts himself. A thrilling struggle. Victory! Finale.

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SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
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LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

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BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene	[illegible]	30
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JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
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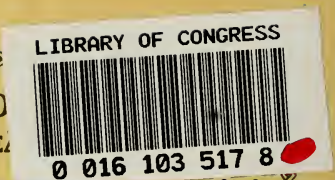

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DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	8	6
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GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	9	6
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